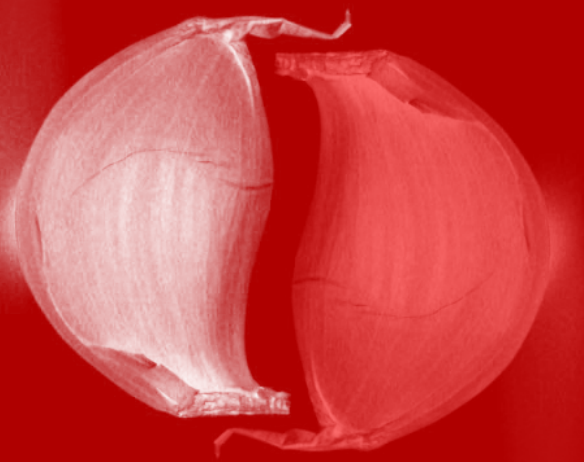
moongarlic e-zine



Issue: 1

moongarlic E-zine

contemporary words & art

Editors
Sheila Windsor
Brendan Slater

Uncredited Artwork
Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

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rain's edge—
the snail
bends one tentacle

CRISTINA-MONICA MOLDOVEANU

u

air t r u l n c e...

b e

LAURA WILLIAMS

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 1

nebula
how to answer the questions of the boy with autism

DAWN APANIUS

to sculpt a destiny
or simply squeeze
the clay
and take what comes
?

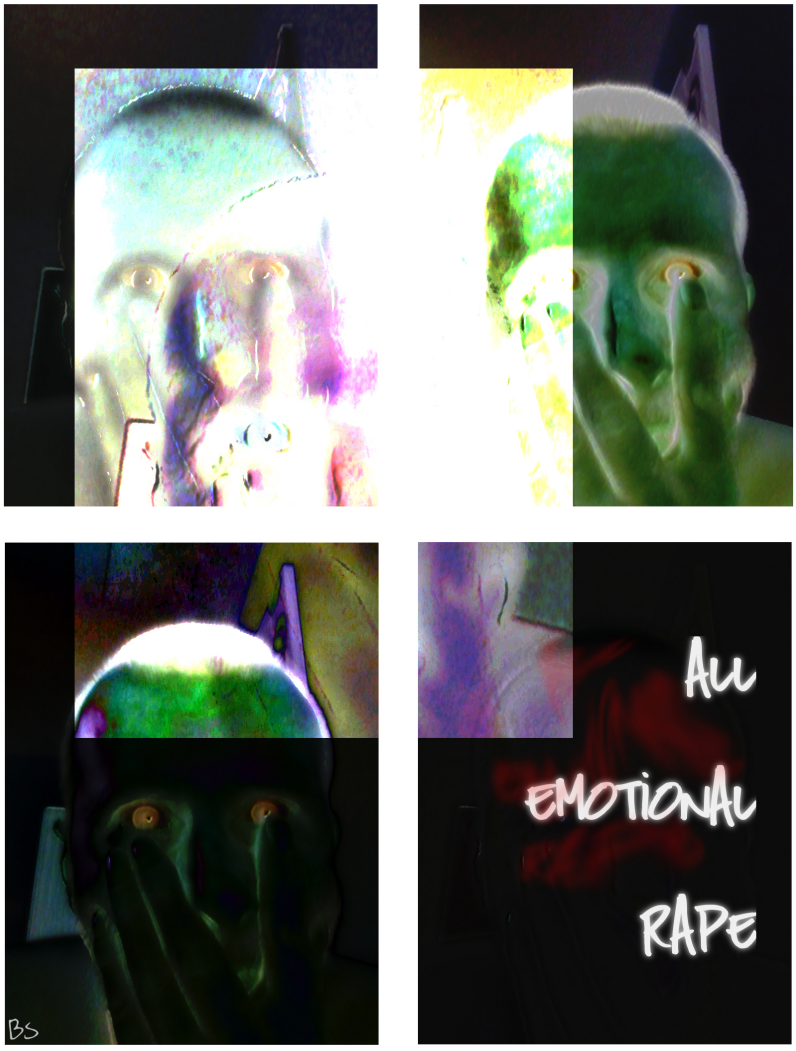
LARRY KIMMEL

the shinto deity eroded back to wood

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO.

forty years later
still that scar
on my wrist

M. KEI



BRENDAN SLATER

to the real dreams fading

LORIN FORD

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uncertain dreamer
his dominion unread
his truncheon annotated
give me tomorrow
and winter will surrender

s e a s k y i n f i n i t y n o l i n e

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO.

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a thought lingers just so i know it goes

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO.

there was
a year when I thought
she might
be proud of me,
my mother

M. KEI

Quartet: The Island

JOHN CARLEY & WILLIAM SORLIEN

the midday heat—
a drunken wasp
drowning in my glass

taller than the corn,
ripples blur the grey

every now and then
the voice of Jesus
from the SatNav

one errant keystroke
beyond a state of grace

---

banished to the island
a poet
and his misty moon

a twist of wood smoke
sweet as any fish

amidst the roar
of plows and graders
groves of aspen quiver

any moment now
the feedback loop

---

the clock's slow drag,
she ticks off a box
in the personal ads

ice at the windows,
baggage at the door

the weight
too much to carry,
a footprint in the snow

so much for the students
and their placards

---

don't forget your duty
to inform
on friends and neighbours

pouring gasoline
to burn a bit of trash

bright young couples
cradle lapdogs
underneath the blossom

brave butterflies,
we're off to gather scrap

Carley: #1, #3, #6, #8, #10, #12, #13, #15
Sorlien: #2, #4, #5, #7, #9, #11, #14, #16

feather the nest
empty

DEBBIE STRANGE

biker boy
squeezing him tighter
between my thighs

MARION CLARKE

a punk
P.J. Harvey wail until
it's a cloud

S. M. ABELES

at twelve
I wake Dad
to tell him I'm dead

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

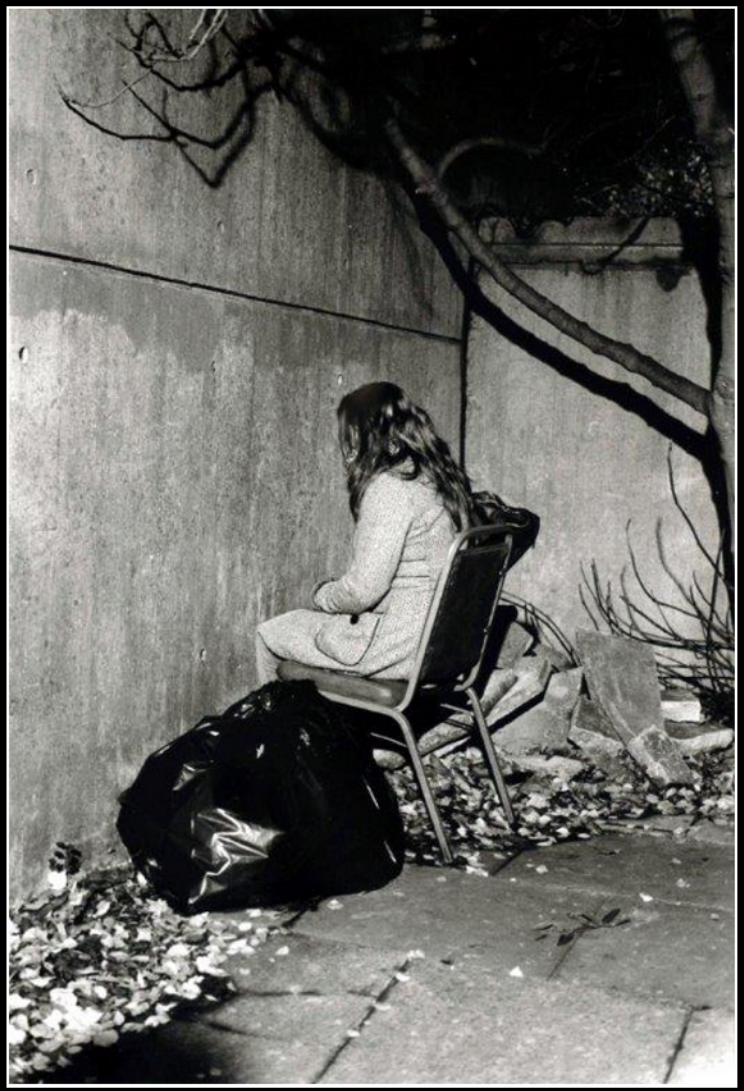
ragged and wet
sails full blown
by your sighs
I leave you
pretty on the inside

S. M. ABELES

passing myself in the street closing down

passing myself in the street closing down

SARA WINTERIDGE



MARK WINDSOR

listening
to her newborn cry
during the earthquake
she wonders how they would know
if she shook the baby

SUSAN BURCH

the tattered book of sleep by any means

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

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p h l o em

DONNA FLEISCHER

in there with paradise lost a gland for absorbed light

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

SHEILA WINDSOR

other people
have lovers,
but
my life is
very tranquil

M. KEI

old friends—
cicadas

PAUL DAVID MENA

withdrawals a wave missing (in) the tide

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 1

marriage if desired the best place to find murder

MARLENE MOUNTAIN

I'm wearing a shirt that might be purple.
I'm not sure how it's come to this.

RICK LUPERT

sudden chill—
he slips into
. . . his daughter's bed

H. GENE MURTHA

rock paper scissors ocean

SABINE MILLER

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a
fairy
tale
full
of
tires
burning

river and river rat rat grey in the rain

LORIN FORD

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something unknown holding my head (up)
---
a cry not distancing itself

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

trapped between two mirrors your fading smile

MARK E. BRAGER

matted grass yesterday's laughter

YU CHANG

this fistful of meds
I'd like to throw at the wall
each day
how we go about
living and dying

CHRISTINA NGUYEN

first crush the scent of black ink

CRISTINA-MONICA MOLDOVEANU

wild asters . . .
all those times
I wanted change

H. GENE MURTHA

living
between
flashes
of
lightning

PAUL DAVID MENA

in mid-sentence a flying swan

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO

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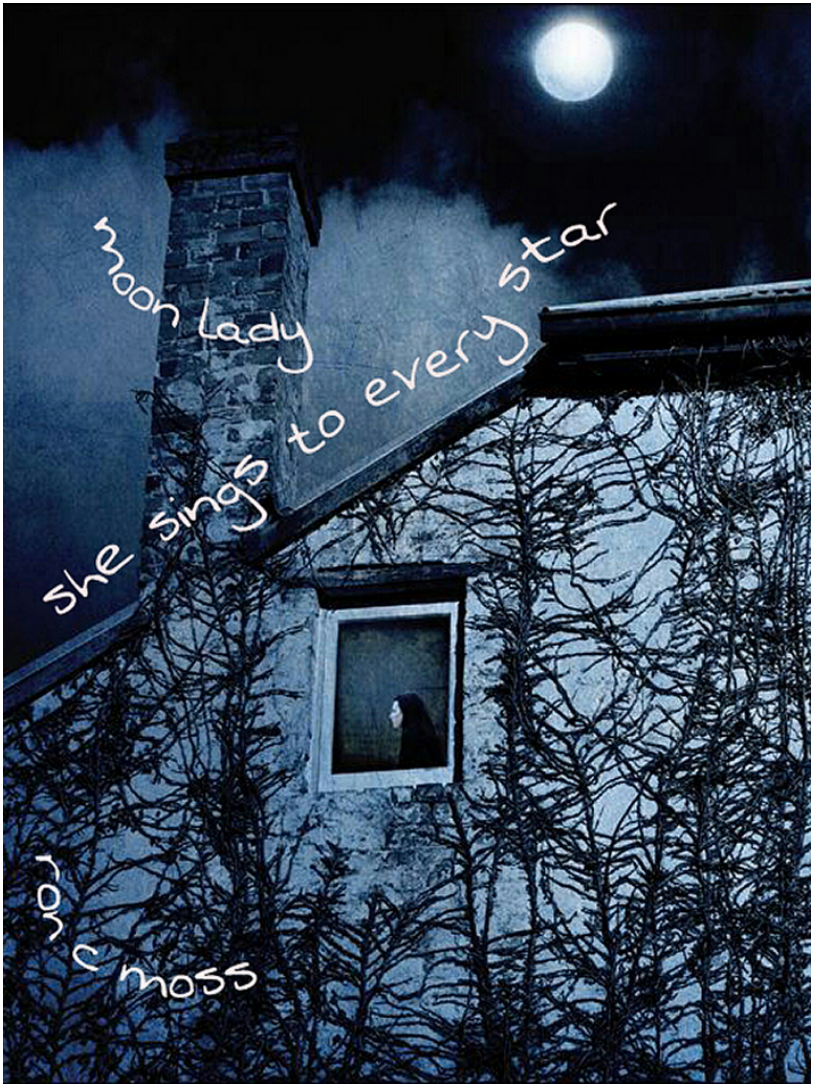
he draws the curtain words between us

LORIN FORD



RON C. MOSS

echoes . . .
ashes, ashes
all falling

MARK E. BRAGER

autumn unfolds
itself an autumn

ERNESTO P. SANTIAGO

dipping their hands
into raw river sewage
my children
dipping their hands
into petrochemical runoff

CHRISTINA NGUYEN

my amber resin exit button

ALAN SUMMERS

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 1

the old pines
are full of poems
the wolves
the rapists
the dark

CHRISTINA NGUYEN

he kicks a stone into an argument

SONDRA J. BYRNES

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before him
the tiger lily unfolds
everything she is

in the next bed
a girl in a coma
now pregnant
the father
the same as mine

SUSAN BURCH

Today I sail through your mouth

after the hearse the piano

LORIN FORD

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kicking dust under a clear blue sky

YU CHANG

they say he has my eyes
the son who never calls

PAUL DAVID MENA

inside
you

a
black
tulip

cups
the
evening

sun

S.M. ABELES

1:1 ratio the white pills and dusk

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 1

her curves in the hands of the moon

DON BAIRD

the hawk's broad wings—
c
i
r
c
l
i
n
g

M. KEI

an unnamed ancestor hanging from the yardarm

H. GENE MURTHA

RON C. MOSS

autumn—
dialling down
the thermostat
when my son leaves
for his other home

M. KEI

remaining the one remaining

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 1

leaving ocean rain

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO

Submission Guidelines

moongarlic is a bi-annual E-zine publishing in May and November. Submissions are accepted during August and September for the November issue, and February and March for the May issue. Submissions sent outside of these reading windows will be kept unread until the following reading window.

We are seeking contemporary short-verse poetry, ku, one-line, tanka, sequences, renga/renku/renshi, tan renga, haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs celebrating the new and alternative attitudes to these well established art forms. Experimentation is encouraged, but not at the expense of quality. Submissions will be judged on authenticity, originality and aestheticism. **Submissions should be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.**

Please submit up to 25 poems, haiga, sumi-e, art or photographs, or combination thereof. Poems should be in the body of the email. Haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs should be in jpeg format and sent as attachments. Please submit just 1 renga, renku, renshi, tan renga or sequence per issue, either in the body of the email or as an attachment in .doc, .docx, .odt or .rtf format.

Submissions should be emailed to subs@moongarlic.org.

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